

MARVEL®
29th Sept 90

THE REAL

№120 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

THERE'S SOME-
THING ON THE PHONE
FOR YOU, EGON!



ISSN 0954-9404



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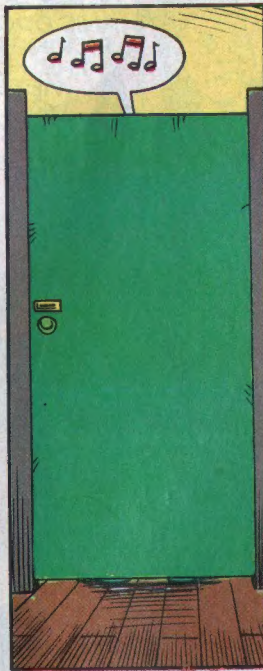


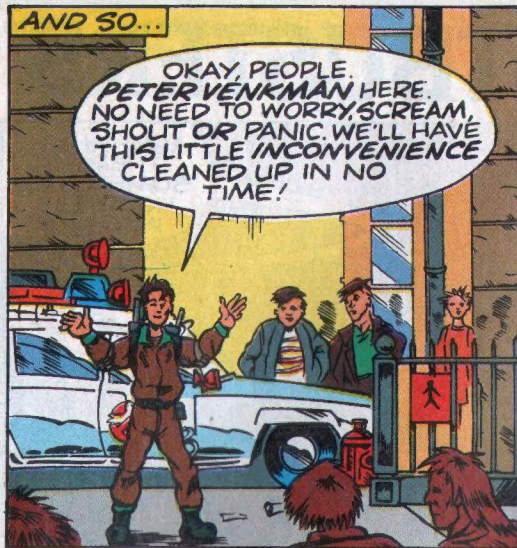
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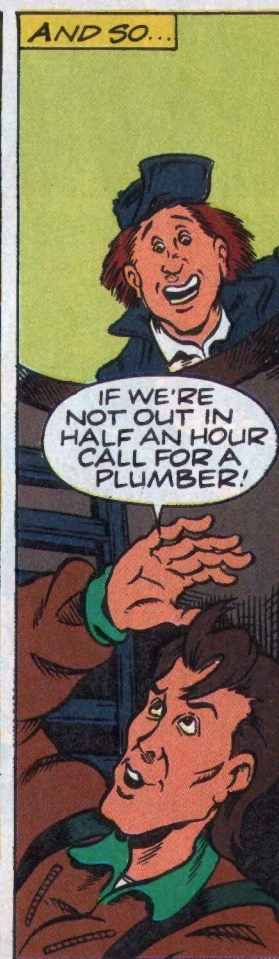


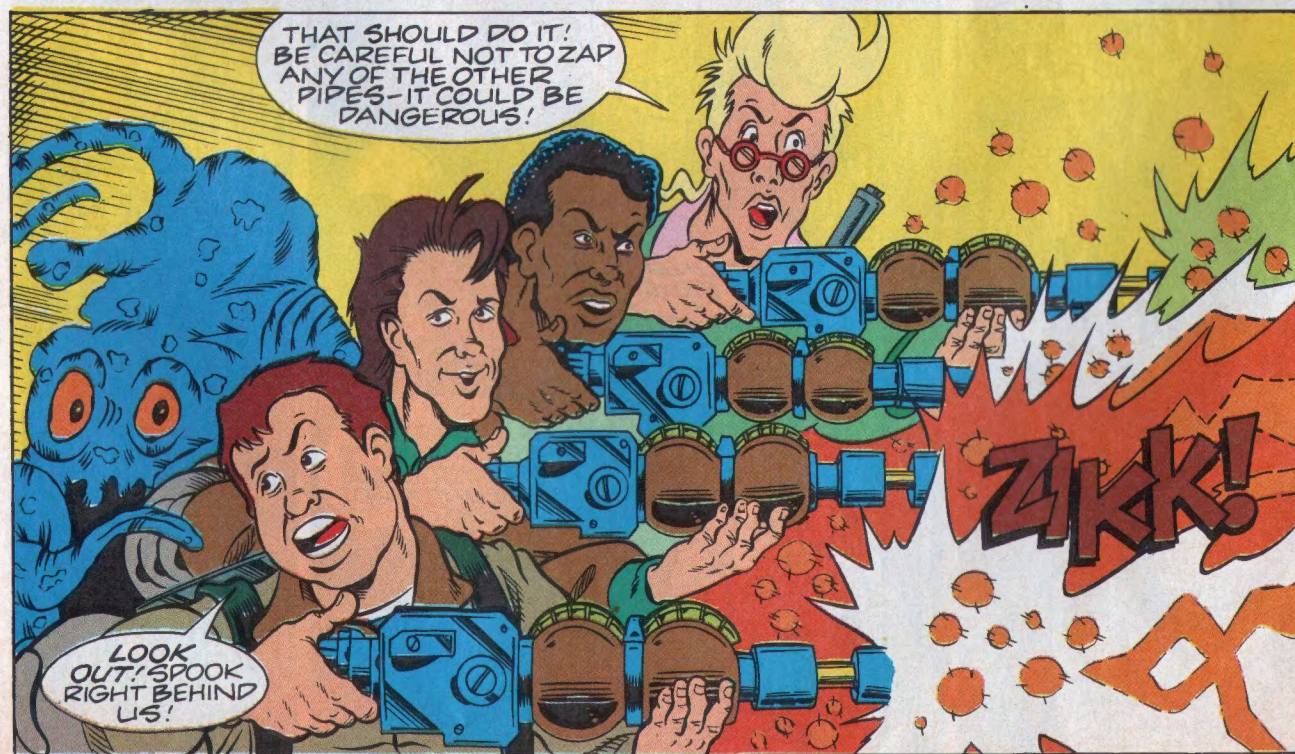
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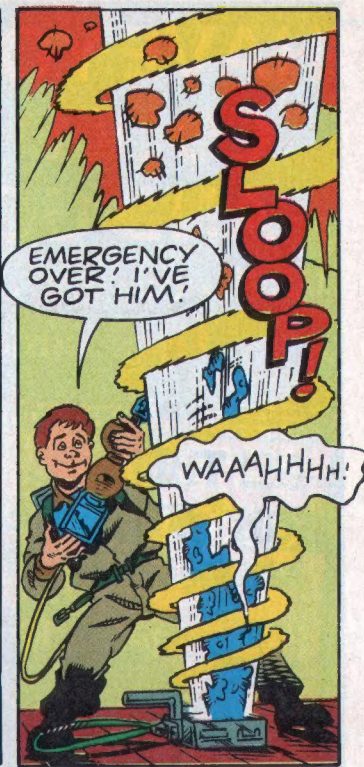
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





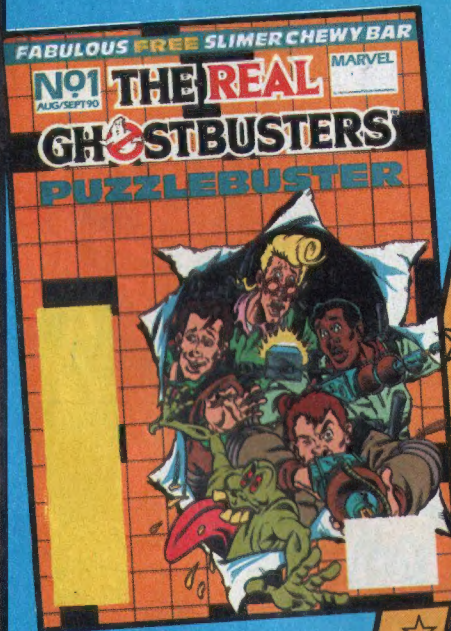






HAVE YOU EVER WISHED THAT YOU COULD BE A **REAL** GHOSTBUSTER AND GO ON A **REAL** ADVENTURE?

Well, now you can – puzzles, mazes, quizzes, adventure PLUS a
FREE Slimer chewy bar to really get your teeth into!



So, you think you're ready to become a Real Ghostbuster! To be a fully-fledged ecto-eliminator, you have to be able to think on your feet and so to develop your spiritual vocabulary, here's a spooky word search for you to complete. All the words hidden in the grid, are listed below. Each word runs either horizontally or vertically and all you have to do is put a ring around each one you find. Your task is to find the five words on the list that are not in the grid.

G	H	O	S	T	B	U	S	T	I	N	G	A
S	Q	P	T	H	A	U	N	T	K	T	E	P
L	T	R	A	P	R	O	T	O	N	O	C	P
I	C	O	N	T	A	I	N	F	D	B	T	A
M	R	S	T	A	Y	P	U	F	T	I	O	R
E	E	P	Z	S	V	E	X	M	W	N	M	I
T	E	E	D	C	A	C	W	A	I	L	O	T
H	P	N	S	R	O	T	J	M	N	P	B	I
E	Y	G	N	E	G	O	N	O	S	P	I	O
R	T	L	I	A	R	P	F	O	T	E	L	N
E	O	E	F	M	E	L	A	N	O	T	E	E
A	M	R	F	Q	J	A	N	I	N	E	B	V
L	B	Y	E	S	U	S	G	U	N	R	A	I
E	N	T	R	A	P	M	E	N	T	C	T	L

GHOSTBUSTING
APPARITION
ENTRAPMENT
SLIME
ECTOPLASM
MR STAY PUFT
ECTOMOBILE
STANTZ
ETHEREAL
CONTAIN
HQ
SNIFFER
EVIL
CREEPY
SPENGLER
ZEDDMORE
RAY
EGON

JANINE
WINSTON
VENKMAN
PETER
PROTON
ZUUL
TOBIN
OGRE
VAMPIRE
GUN
HAUNT
WAIL
FANG
SPECTRAL
TOMB
SCREAM
MOON
BAT
TRAP

If you have found the five red herrings, you can collect your official busting equipment. If you haven't, you need more basic training. Why don't you consult Egon's Guide to All Things Spiritual on page 47?

**FREE
SLIMER
CHEWY
BAR**

**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE ONE ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL**

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Back in Guide No. 13, I told you about Numerology and the occult powers of certain numerical arrangements. There are, you see, some numbers which just by *being* can conjure up elementals, summon demons, bend the fabric of Time-Space, re-shape the material continuity of the Universe, sand down the surface of the Multi-cosmos, re-varnish it, give it a teak effect veneer and cover the whole thing in floral Formica. Some numbers are just *wrong* like that.

Wrong Numbers

Thankfully, most of the really dreadful numbers of true power are rare, multi-digit monsters that don't crop up all that often in everyday life. The only commonly encountered values with any, mild occult resonance are things like 7, 13 or 666. All in all this is a good thing, or we'd be unleashing Grekrodillion every five minutes by asking if the number forty nine bus has gone yet. Or be loosing a gaggle of slobbering archdemons on a defenceless and unsuspecting grocers by asking for half a dozen oranges.

However, in this day and age, when man's technological power has allowed him to create an International Communications Network* (packed with huge, automatically generated multi-digit dialling codes),



PART 120

we are accidentally finding the wrong numbers with increasing frequency.

The first wrong number of modern times was discovered by Millicent Wapps when she tried to dial her sister Prescilla in Wichita from a pay phone in suburban Toledo, a call which travelled through three separate exchanges (Kansas City, Anchorage and, inexplicably, Barnstable). By the time Millicent's voice piped out of Prescilla's receiver, the number she had dialled had added four area codes to itself. It had turned itself into a twenty-three digit monster that, coincidentally, was the summoning number of a particularly sullen and wheedling Grombilarr called Fanttrunk, the Demon-Marquis of sliming up out of nowhere and shouting 'Truncle!' (Job

GUIDE

descriptions in the Super-cosmos really aren't what they used to be).

By the time he'd finished going 'Truncle!' all over Toledo, Millicent's call had been charged at 358,000,000 cents per minute. The only way out of the suburbs was by punt or canoe and Millicent herself could only be coaxed down out of a tree by police psychologist Marty 'Sympathetic' Subulski, who had just raised over \$40 for charity by staging a nine-day sponsored 'talk down' of volunteer jumpers on the roof of the Civic Centre. The other major wrong number conjured up this decade was that found by Rory Canute whilst trying to ring out of Crumplezone, Alabama on Labour Day, 1989. Details of the resulting occult conflagration are few, as the case is still being investigated by the US army Project: Green Book task force. A project spokesman was reported as saying that 'many areas of Crumplezone are still moist, and it's not that we don't want to issue information. It's just that at this time, most of the pages of our book are stuck together.' We'll just have to wait for the next wrong number to come along.

*In spite of which you still get put through to a Chinese Laundry in Lavender Hill every time you ring your mother.

DIAL M FOR MONSTER!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

The Real Ghostbusters keep in touch with a phonecall. . . from a ghost?

Ghostbusters HQ. Monday morning, nine a.m. Outside, it was raining. Lightning crashed across the sky and it looked like crashing across it all day. "Typical," said Peter Venkman, staring miserably out across the street. "My day off and it rains. Now what do I do?"

"Howsabout eating a doublespiffy jam and peanut buttersandwichee?" said Slimer, offering Peter the gooiest thing he'd ever seen crammed between several layers of bread. As a mixture of blackcurrant jam and a large pickle dropped on to the floor of the lounge, Peter swallowed hard. "Er no thanks, Slimer," he gabbled, "I'm trying to give them up." Slimer shrugged his ghostly shoulders and swallowed the monstrous sandwich in one gulp. Just as he was rushing to the kitchen to make himself another, Egon shouted to Peter from his laboratory. "Not another weird experiment he needs help with," said Peter.

"Hey, Peter, can you come and help me with another experiment?" said Egon, peering over the stairwell, a peculiar set of glasses on his head. Peter nodded and wandered slowly upstairs. "Why me?" he asked Egon, as the scientist connected a set of batteries to a strange-looking device that was also connected to four TV sets and Ray's stereo unit. "Winston and Ray are out on an early morning apprehension," Egon said seriously. "A bust, to you. Something about a werewolf in the subway running a concession stand."

"Tell me something new," said Peter. "Okay, what have you thought up this time?"

"This," Egon replied, smiling, "is my latest, greatest invention. As you know, I'm always trying to develop our PKE Meters and speed up our ghost detecting. Well, this is the latest advance – a ghost radar!"

"A ghost radar? How does it work?"

"Well, basically, the electricity supply comes from these batteries here, powering these transistors, resulting in an alternating current, which –"

"Okay so that's how it works," said Peter wearily. "Does it actually work?" Egon grinned and pressed a switch on the stereo unit. The television sets hummed into life and Ray's stereo started to play *'Tie A Yellow Ribbon Round The Old Oak Tree'*.

Egon frowned. "It shouldn't do that," he said.

"Well," laughed Peter, "perhaps you'll pick up The Munsters later. Then I'll come back." He thumped one of the TV sets, which squawked and suddenly came alive with a map of New York. All over it, green lights flashed. "That's it!" shouted Egon, putting on his glasses. "All those spots represent ghostly activity."

"I can see the dollars coming in now," said Peter. One of the lights suddenly winked out. "Ray and Winston must have caught their werewolf," said Egon. "Let's see if we have any problems nearer home." Tuning one of the other sets, a huge green blip seemed to surge out of it, spitting slime at Peter. "Hey!" he squealed. "Sorry," said Egon, "I tuned it into the Ecto-Containment Unit. There's bound to be a bit of feedback."

"So what's that little speck here?" said Peter.

"Oh that's a ghost downstairs, probably sitting on Janine's desk. On the telephone, I expect."

"What?!" screamed Peter.

"A ghost on the telephone," Egon said calmly, then frowned. "That can't be right."

"Of course it isn't!" shouted Peter. "We've got ourselves a problem!" With that he ran downstairs and raced across the second floor to the firepole.

Sure enough, when he got to the bottom, there was one of the biggest ghosts he'd ever seen, sitting as still as possible on the telephone. "Hello," said the ghost, smiling. Egon dropped down the firepole after Peter. "What are you doing?" said Egon.

"I'm a distraction," said the ghost.

"Hmm," muttered Egon. "I don't like the sound of that."



Welcome to Issue one hundred and twenty of **The Real Ghostbusters** comic, and what another spookily fantastic issue it is too! Peter and Egon are *engaged* in a battle with a telephone terror that would like to *cut off* The Real Ghostbusters in their prime. But before you get *hung up* over the *ectoplasmic exchange*, just remember that they'll probably get *off the hook* if they *reverse the charge* on their Proton Guns in **Dial M For Monster!**

There's something sinister down in the sewers under New York, and the Ghostbusting gang are called in at their earliest convenience to deal with the **Flushing Phantom!**

Don't miss next week's issue when there will be gallons more slime packed into every issue as Slimer Monthly combines with The Real Ghostbusters to become **The Real Ghostbusters and Slimer Weekly!**

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Cover by **BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE** and **JOHN BURNS**
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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

"Let's just bust it," Peter urged, reaching for a Proton Gun.

"Oh no, you mustn't do that!" said the ghost, raising its claw.

With a burst of spectral energy, Peter was thrown across the room, covered in slime. "Sorry," said the ghost. "Can't have you doing that. Not yet, anyway."

"What's with this spook?" snarled Peter, as Egon helped him out of a pool of slime. "Why isn't he moving?"

"It's definitely unusual for a paranormal entity to maintain such a level of calm output," agreed Egon.

"You mean he's too cool?" said Peter.

"Maybe I can relate to that. Hey, ghost!" The ghost smiled. "Hi," it replied, smiling.

"Just what are you distracting us from?"

"Oh I can't tell you that," the ghost replied as a terrific scream, and a blast of psychic energy blasted through the air from the basement. "My friends told me not to tell you anything that would give you a clue about us trying to break into the Containment Chamber and freeing all the ghosts. They said you'd be bored anyway. Said they'd tried it before and you'd been bored then."

"Hey," smiled Peter, "not the old Ghost Rescue attempt. . ."

"I'm afraid so," said the ghost, "Tiresome isn't it. Still, I expect they know best. Or not. Not my job to argue, you see, I'm just a distraction. Don't do that."

The last comment was for Egon, who had tried to sneak up on the ghost and blast it with his Proton Gun. The ghost had seen him out of the corner of one of its eyes, and covered him with slime.

"Sorry," added the ghost. "Not quite a proper distraction, covering someone with slime." Egon nodded, trying to flick slime off his overalls.

"We've got to stop this," he said, looking quite worried for Egon. "There's no telling what could happen if the Containment Unit is opened. Remember what happened last time!"

"Well, it's more work – but think of the money we'd make – again!" Peter replied.

"PETER! DO SOMETHING!" said Egon. "Think of the ghosts in there! Just the Babblers –"

"All right, all right," Peter waved calmly and turned back to the ghost. "You're not doing a very good job then, are you?" he said to the ghost.

"Pardon?" said the ghost, scratching his head.

"I said you're not doing a very good job, distracting us. Didn't anyone tell your ghostly friends that the Containment Unit is upstairs? We moved it last week. You're distracting us in the wrong direction."

"I am?" said the ghost, miserably. Peter nodded. "I'm going to lose my union card over this one," the ghost added, turning its head.

"Hey fellas!," it shouted down into the basement, still perched on the phone. A Proton Gun hummed into life. "This Ghostbuster says they've moved the – YEEEEK not the rotten Proton Beam – now you've distracted me and caught me and I'm so stupid. . . ." Egon switched off his Proton Gun and smiled as the distracting ghost disappeared into a Ghost Trap. Peter grinned.

"Let's get the others," he said, racing to the basement.

Downstairs, there were no ghosts except a very puzzled-looking Slimer. The Containment Unit was safe! "Friendssswanted to look into Containment Unit," Slimer gabbled helpfully. "So I showed them, but I don't think they wanted to be inside it."

"Probably not, Slimer," said Egon. "Looks like he distracted the raiding party so they weren't very careful."

The phone rang and Peter answered it. "Peter!" squealed Ray at the end of the phone. "The werewolf escaped and it's eating its way through Macy's Chocolate Emporium on East 77th. Can you have your day off next week instead, and help us catch the thing? I'm sure Egon's too busy!"

"More distractions," laughed Peter. "Ray, save some ice cream for me – I'm on my way!"

HEADLESS HORSEMAN

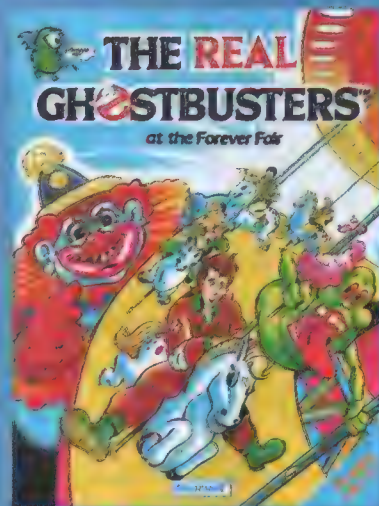
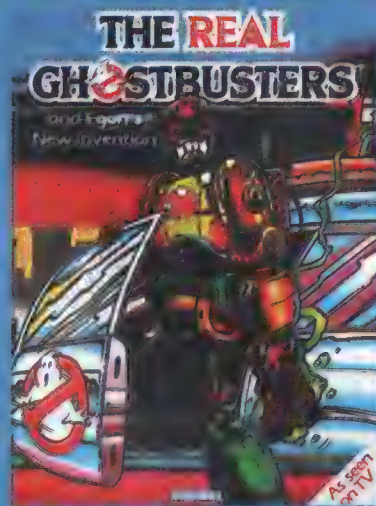
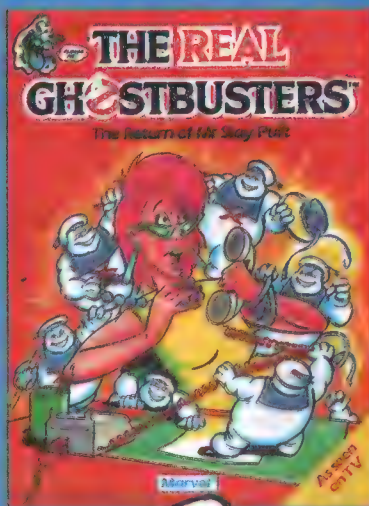
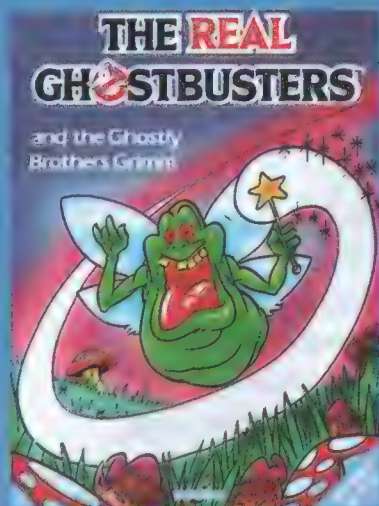
He first appeared a few years back in the early days of The Real Ghostbusters when Peter and Winston had the task of capturing him. Tearing around the streets of New York city, they eventually got a chance to blast him and he disappeared in a puff of smoke – a total protonic reversal. Well, that was what they thought!

Much later, The Real Ghostbusters were summoned by Egon to return to the hometown of his ancestor, Ichabod Spengler. He too had been a ghostbuster of sorts, but had failed to rid the village of Creepy Hollow of the last of its native spooks. . . The Headless Horseman!

Dressed in period costume for the Creepy Hollow Bicentennial, the Ghostbusters made short work of the horseman by staying cool and by not losing their heads! But who knows whether he'll be heading back this way!



DREADTIME READING!



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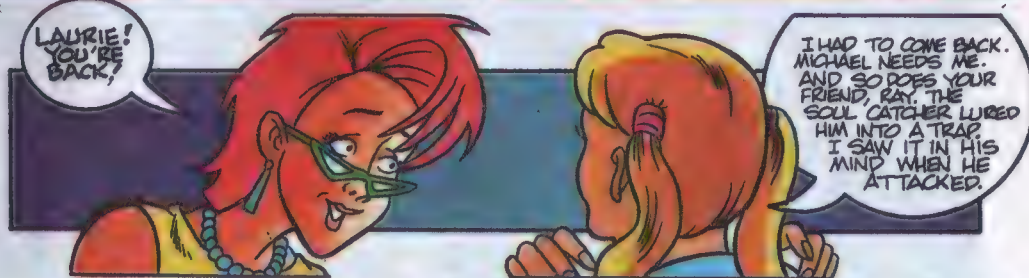
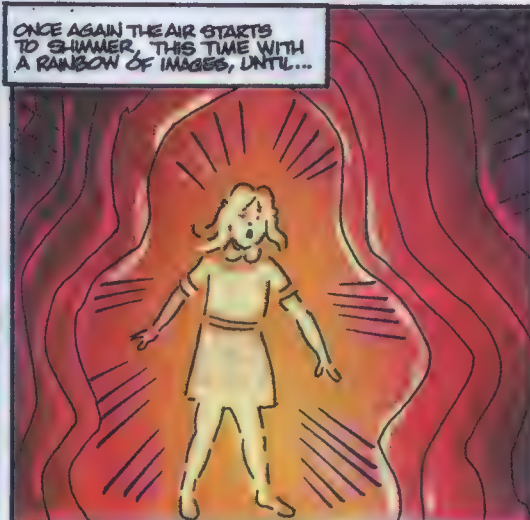
8 Great Titles To Collect In The Real Ghostbusters Comic Storybook Series

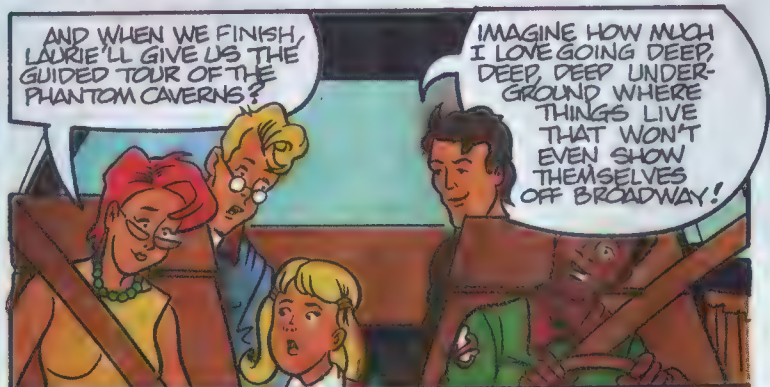
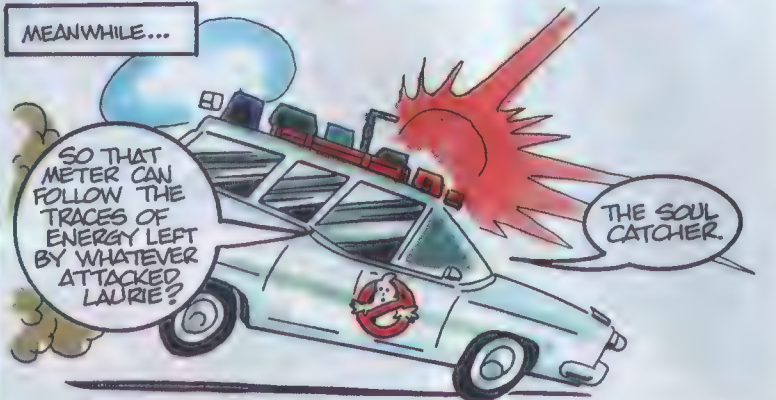
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Available through WH Smith, Toys R Us, John Menzies, Athena Bookshops, Dillons Bookshops, Easons, Sherratt and Hughes, and all good bookshops and newsagents.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

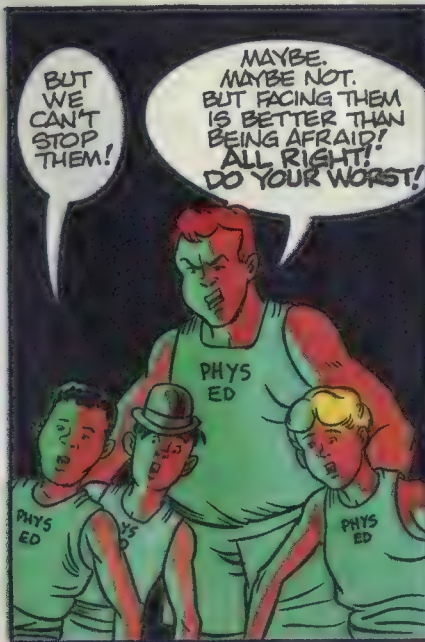
Part Four: Laurie, a young girl, has managed to escape from the evil clutches of The Soul Catcher. But Ray Stantz has not been so lucky

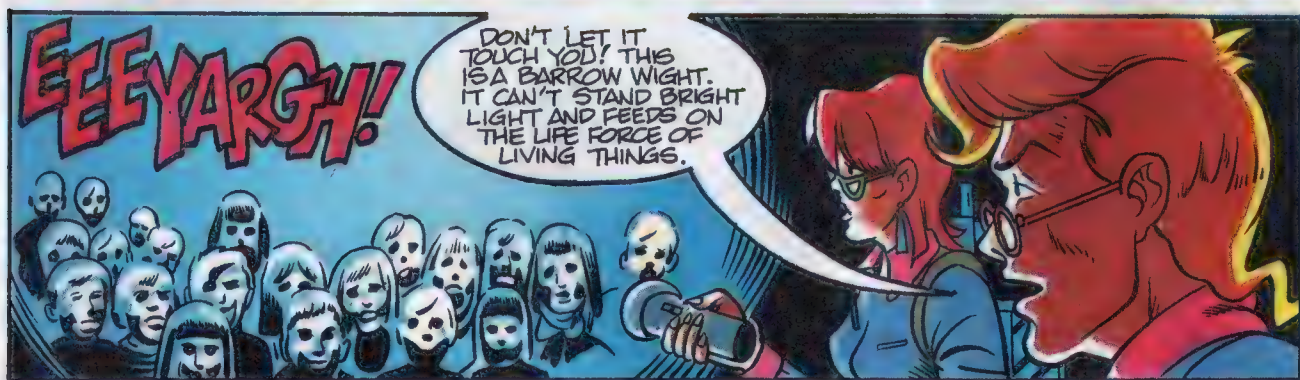
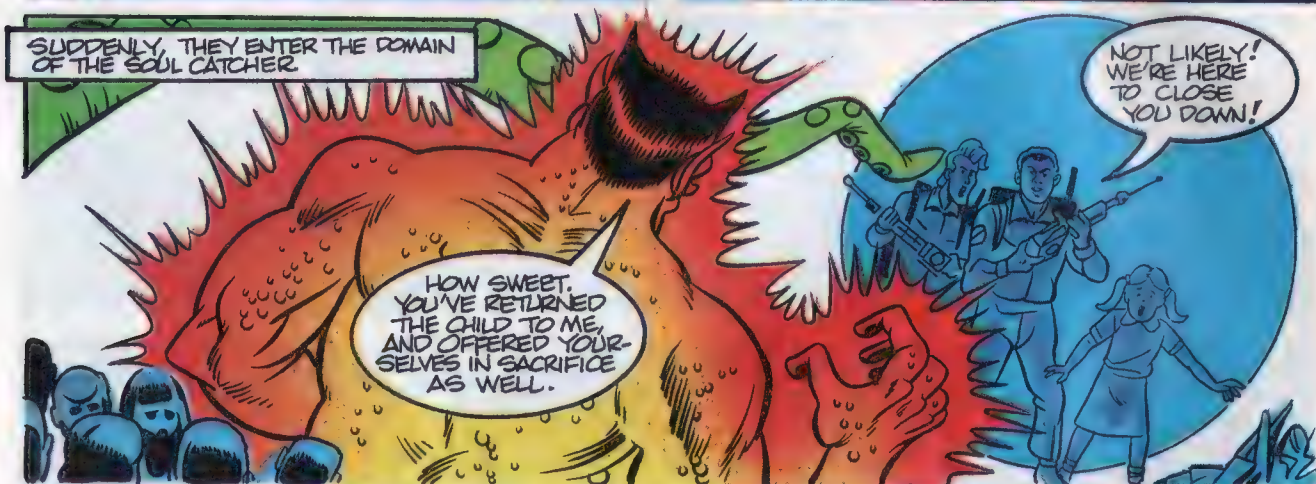


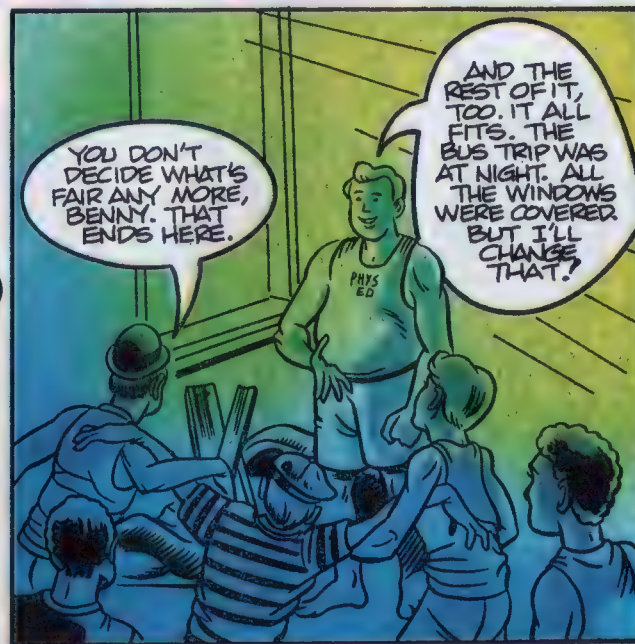
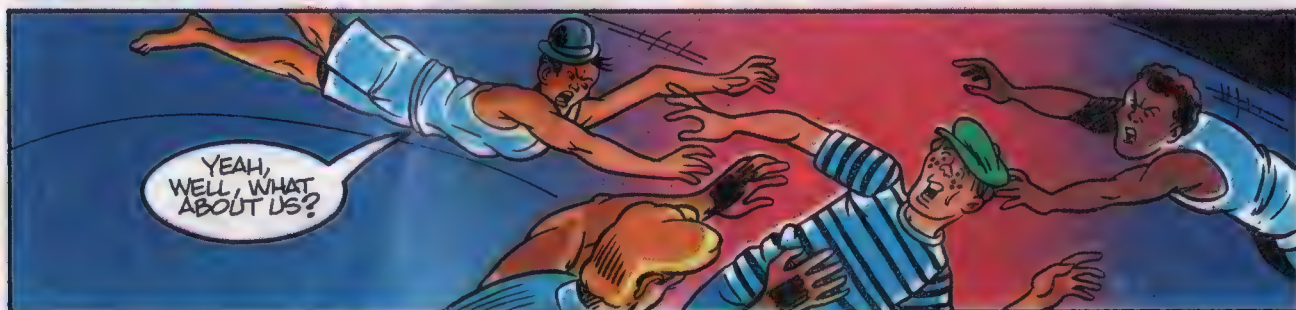




THINGS LIVE IN THE DARKNESS. THE AIR IS THICK WITH THEM. TIME SEEMS TO STOP. THE AIR FEELS HEAVY. AND YOU COULD BE ANYWHERE. AT THE BOTTOM OF A SEWER, OR, LIKE RAY, MANY MILES AWAY TRAPPED IN AN ABANDONED SCHOOL BUILDING.







FAR AWAY FROM RAY, IN THE SOUL CATCHER'S LAIR, THE THING SENSES THE TRUTH.



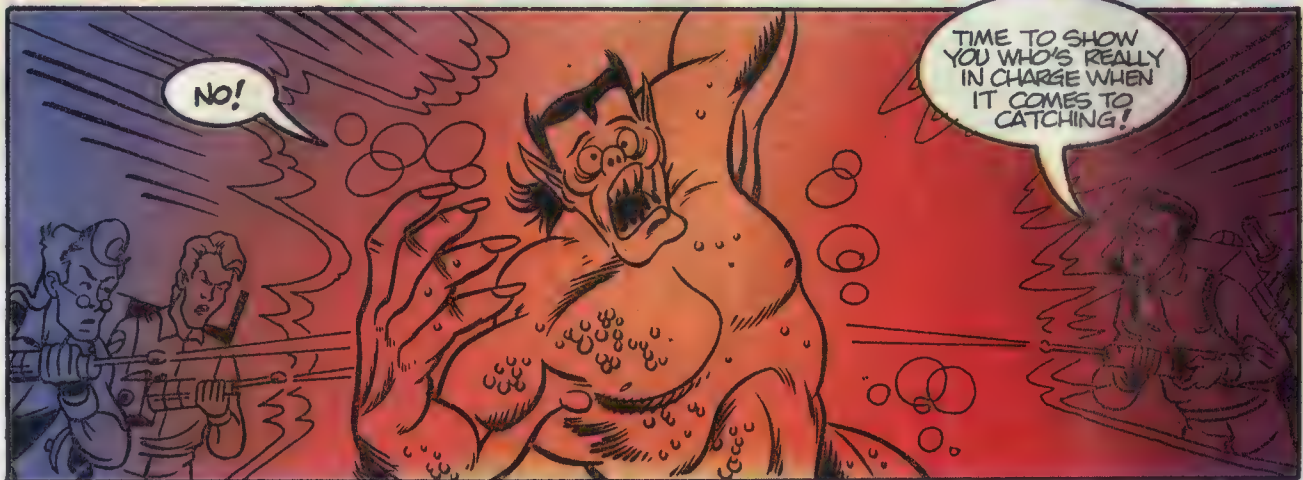
NO! MY SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS IS BEING CLOSED DOWN! RAY STANTZ SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEFEATED, NOT VICTORIOUS!

HEAR THAT, GUYS? RAY'S OKAY!



KIDS! YOU SEE!?! THE SOUL CATCHER CAN BE BEATEN!

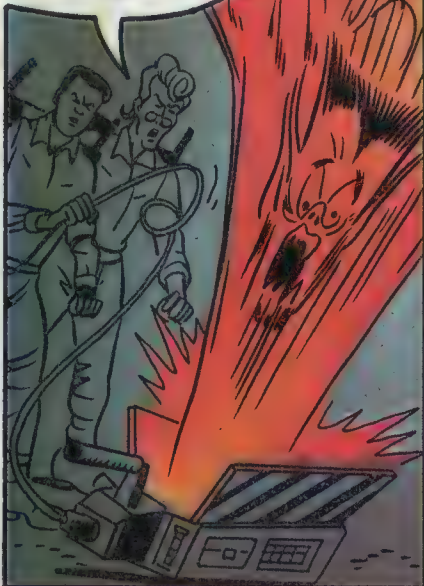
SHE'S RIGHT, MICHAEL! ALL OF YOU! YOU HAVE TO TURN AWAY FROM IT NOW!



NO!

TIME TO SHOW YOU WHO'S REALLY IN CHARGE WHEN IT COMES TO CATCHING!

IT'S OVER. IMAGINE ALL THE YEARS IT'S BEEN TRAPPING SOULS DOWN HERE, CHILDREN IT REACHED OUT AND GRASPED BEFORE THEY COULD MOVE ON TO THE OTHER SIDE.



THANK YOU. I'LL TELL THE OTHERS LIKE ME THAT YOU CAN ALSO BE A FRIEND TO GHOSTS.

LAURIE WALKS OFF WITH MICHAEL AND THE OTHER YOUNG SPIRITS WHO FADE AWAY TO ANOTHER PLACE.



GOODBYE, LAURIE.

BACK AT RAY'S ALMA MATER.

THAT'LL SHINE
SOME LIGHT ON THE
SITUATION! IT DE-
SERVES BETTER
THAN TO BE CLOSED
UP LIKE A TOMB.

THE SUN SHINES IN ON
BRIGHT BUT EMPTY HALLS.

EVERYONE AND EVERY
THING IS GONE.

EXCEPT FOR BENNY.

WELL, I
WAS ALWAYS
DYIN' TO GET
UP HERE. GUESS
I'LL HAVE A
LONG TIME
TO ADMIRE
THE VIEW.

BACK AT GHOSTBUSTERS'
CENTRAL, RAY RECOUNTS HIS
TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS.

IT'S A
CLASS REUNION
I'LL NEVER
FORGET!

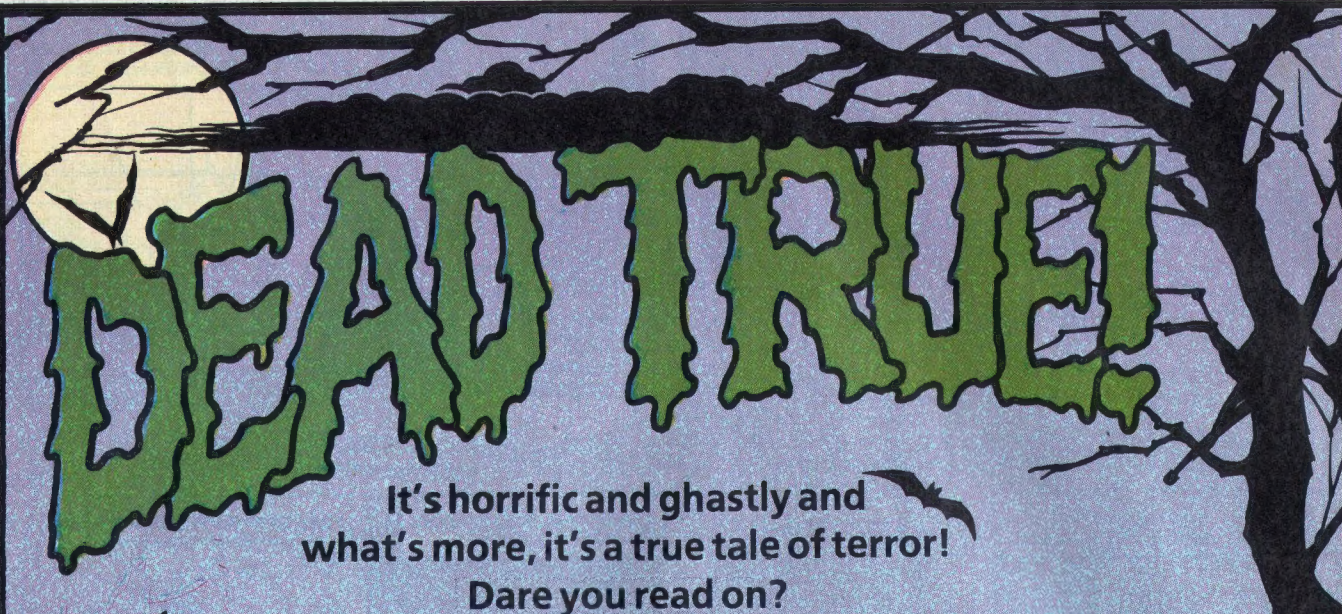
OH, NO!
I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT!

WHAT IS IT?
YOUR PHONE
BILL?

WORSE!
MY HIGH
SCHOOL'S
HAVING A
REUNION!

ARE YOU
GOING?

the
end



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



It was a dangerous venture for vessels to sail unescorted during the time of the Second World War. The reason being that, if they happened to be attacked by enemy bombers and submarines, their disappearance would go virtually unnoticed. But one solitary ship not only managed to avoid the enemy, but was also saved by the ghost of another ship.

The ship, which we shall call *HMS Princess Bride*, was taking a vital cargo of electronic equipment across the Southwest Pacific to a secret destination in the Philippine Islands. The captain stopped the boat in a particularly hazardous area so that he could check his bearings. It was important not to remain in one

place for too long, and all lights had to be extinguished and the radio silenced.

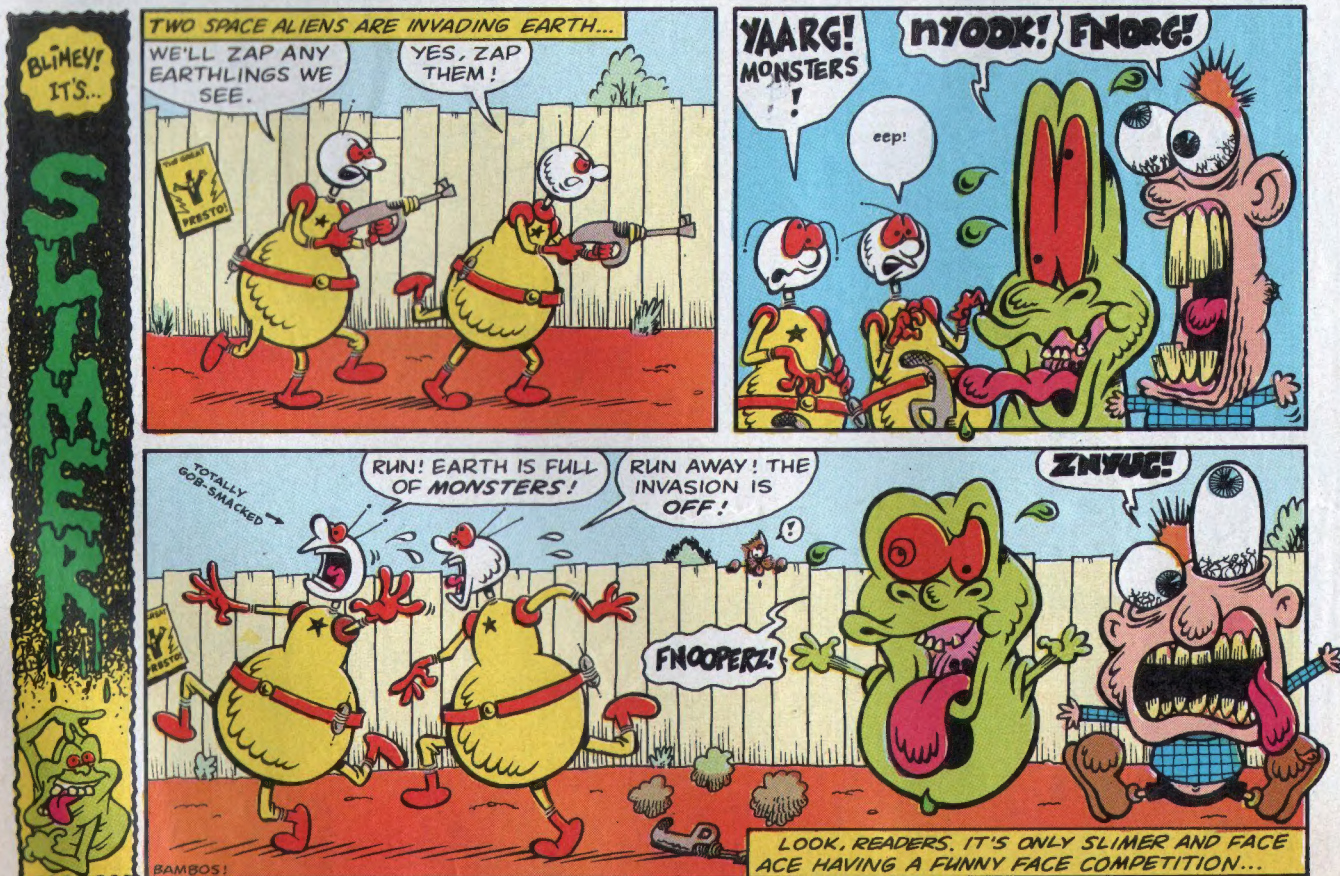
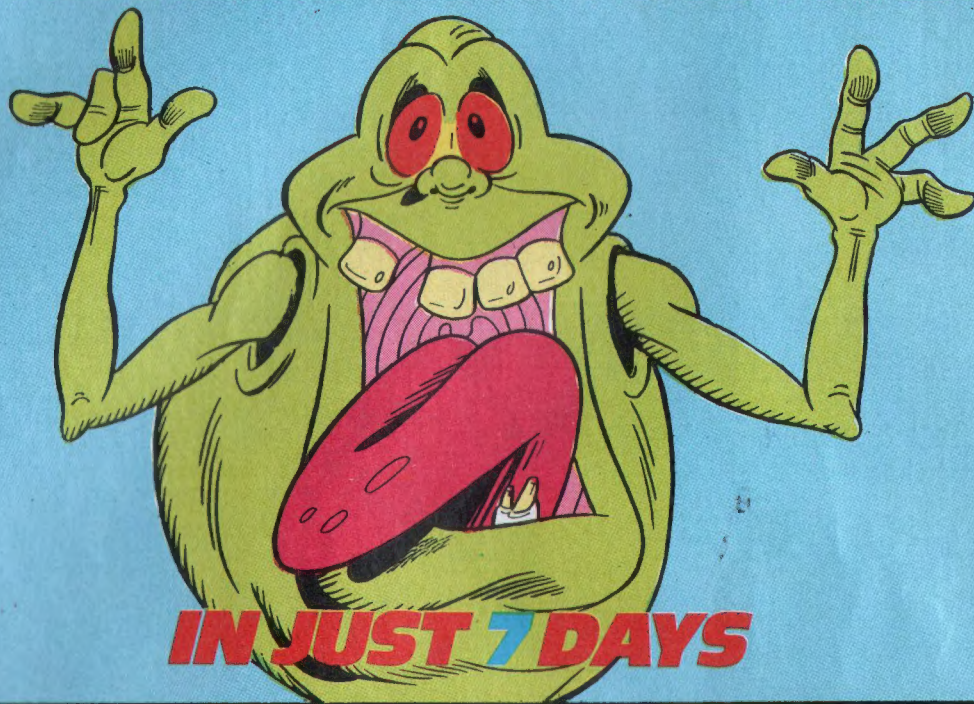
The chart for the area had vanished, and the captain was forced to make a decision. Either he took the ship forward, keeping his fingers crossed that the ship's keel didn't get ripped open on the jagged reefs below, or he could wait and take a good look around at daybreak. Both choices meant trouble. Suddenly, the second mate came running up to the captain. Apparently, a ship had blinked a message to them, providing all the coordinates for a safe passage through the treacherous stretch of ocean.

The mystery ship identified itself as the *Blue Panther*, an English ship from Liverpool. The *HMS Princess Bride* managed to negotiate the passage safely by the following

morning, by which time the *Blue Panther* was nowhere to be seen. Several months later, the voyage completed, the captain of *HMS Princess Bride* was having dinner with several other captains. He told his story of the *Blue Panther*, and as he finished, one of the other men who happened to be English, became ashen-faced. He explained that his father had been the captain of the *Blue Panther* — and the ship had sunk some time before. When the captain of our story offered his condolences, the English captain shook his head. "No, you don't understand," he said. "The *Blue Panther* went down in the exact position you described, taking the entire crew with her — but that was twenty years ago!"



SLIMER MERGES WITH THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!



ADVERTISEMENT

YOUR FRIDGE HASN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! IT'S...

S'Ivel

FIENDISH Feet

THE HORRIBLY DELICIOUS TREAT

WONT BE A MINUTE DEAR...

TEE HEE!

SENSIBLE MOTHER

...JUST PUTTING THESE IN THE FRIDGE FOR THE CHILDREN FOR LATER



FANGS A LOT



RATTLE 'N' ROLL



SPOOKY WOOKY



FRANK 'N' STEIN



SNORTILLA THE GRUNT



MELTING MELVIN



PHAROAH NUFF



TONGUE TWISTER

YOGURTS AND DESSERTS FROM



AND... OFF WE GO

INSIDE THE FRIDGE...

YAHOO! OKAY GANG, LETS HAVE SOME FIENDISH FUN!

HEE! HEE!

YEAH! LETS GO SCARE!

RIGHT YOU SILLY SAUSAGES, START JUMPING OUT OF YOUR SKINS, 'COS HERE COMES FANGS A LOT!

HEH! HEH!

SCARED SILLY

HA! HA!

AND SNORTILLA HAS GOT THESE TOMATOES TOTALLY TERRIFIED!

WHITE WITH FRIGHT

WATCH OUT YOU JIBBERING JELLY... YOU'RE NEXT!

QUINER!

HEH! HEH! LUCKY THIS SALAD BOWLS COVERED IN CLING FILM!

DOING! SPOING!

CLING FILM

LATER...

COME HERE CHILDREN, I'VE GOT A NICE SURPRISE FOR YOU.

O-OH, IF ONLY SHE KNEW

ACTING INNOCENT

TERRIFIED TOMATO

AND A FRIGHTFUL SURPRISE FOR MUM, HEE HEE!